

I say she will be greatly missed. However, the mark that she left will not be soon forgotten.

GEN. JUSKOWIAK'S REMARKS  
BEAR REPEATING

HON. MAC COLLINS

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. COLLINS. Mr. Speaker, I was privileged recently to hear Major General Terry Juskowiak speak about the role of the soldier in the United States. I was impressed by what he had to say, and would like to submit his remarks in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

It is truly an honor for me to be here today and to participate in this luncheon honoring Veterans—past and present.

Do we have any Jeff Foxworthy fans here? Let me do a take off on Jeff and say . . .

You might be a veteran if:

Your spouse responds to "hooah" and understands what it means regardless of the context you present it in.

You might be a veteran if . . . when you go camping, you ridicule other campers for setting up their tent down wind and down slope of the latrine.

You might be a veteran if . . . you still have an urge to line up your shoes under your bed.

Or . . . your two-year old calls everyone in BDUs "daddy." You might be a veteran if . . . when your kids are too noisy, you announce "at ease!"

You might be a veteran if . . . you've seen the movie "Patton" enough times to memorize his speech.

Or . . . cable news is your favorite program. The History channel is your next favorite.

You might be a veteran if . . . you ruin movies for everyone around you by pointing out the unrealistic military scenes.

And the biggest indicator you might be a veteran is

. . . if you understood and related to this list!!!

In a little over a week, our nation will observe Veterans Day. To some Americans, it will be viewed simply as a day off from work; a day to kick back and relax.

We all would be wise to instead recognize it as a significant national holiday . . . a day where we pause and honor all veterans who have served to fight for and protect the freedoms we enjoy—to enjoy our prosperity and our freedom to be able to kick back and relax.

As George Orwell wrote. "We sleep safely in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm."

If you like your freedoms—thank a veteran.

I would ask the Veterans with us here today to please stand up. Ladies and gentlemen, let's recognize these distinguished individuals.

Let's pause for a moment and seriously reflect on just what is a veteran.

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service; a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside of them, a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg—or perhaps another sort of inner steel. The soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have served their country and kept it safe, wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet just by looking.

Most veterans live quietly and anonymously among us. They are our grandparents to some, parents to other's, brothers and sisters to many.

Just who is a veteran? A veteran might be the elderly gentleman at the supermarket—palsied now and aggravatingly slow—who helped liberate a Nazi death camp in WWII and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is the retiring businessman whose co-workers never guessed that behind his quiet demeanor is the hero of four hours of exquisite bravery against near impossible odds—50 years ago, in the bitter cold, near the 38th parallel of Korea.

She—or he—is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for a solid year in the heat of Vietnam.

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another—or didn't come back at all.

He—or she—is the person who served in the garrisons and training fields of our country. Who did not deploy, but served in ways that don't grab headlines. Who kept on doing what we are paid to do—training soldiers. And who played a critical role in caring for the families left behind.

A veteran is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb of the Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield, or the ocean's sunless depths.

Or close to home, a vet is a 22-year-old sailor named Cherone Gunn, who left his aunt and uncle's house (Mr. and Mrs. Taylor) in Rex, GA to join the Navy, serve his country and get some experience. But instead, while serving aboard the U.S.S. *Cole*, was killed in the prime of his life by a senseless terrorist act.

A veteran is an ordinary and yet extraordinary human being. A person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of our country, and who sacrificed his ambitions, and all too often his life, so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

A veteran is a soldier, sailor, airman or marine. A citizen—a "regular guy or gal" who answered our country's call to service.

A veteran is America's sword against the darkness, the embodiment of the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

A veteran is an American citizen who also embodies the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

Because a veteran sees service to our country as an affair of the heart.

I'd like to share with you for a minute a short poem whose authorship is unknown. It is entitled "It's the Soldier!" But it speaks to all service members . . . to all service members of this magnificently free country:

It's the Soldier!

When the country has been in need, it has Always Been The Soldier!

It's the soldier, not the newspaper which has given us

the freedom of the press—

It's the soldier not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech—

It's the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate—

It's the soldier, who salutes the flag, and serves under the flag—

It's the soldier whose coffin is draped with the flag,

Who allows the protester to burn the flag— And, it's the soldier who is called upon to defend our way of life!

Millions of Americans have served this country since the days of the American Revolution. Many have made the ultimate sacrifice. And many are buried at Arlington or a host of other national and private cemeteries at home and abroad.

The road we have traveled to get to where the world is today was made possible by the sacrifices of our veterans, and their families.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say "Thank you." That is all most people need, and in most cases, it will mean more than any medal they could have been awarded.

I keep a poem with me when I am deployed. At home, it also sits on my desk. Its author is a Vietnam veteran, George L. Skypeck.

George's poem reminds me of how proud I am of my profession. I'd like to share it with you. It has special meaning to me—I'm sure it will to our veterans and their families as we pause to honor them on this special occasion:

I was that which others did not want to be. I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness . . . should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear, and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.

I have cried, pained and hoped . . . but most of all,

I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was . . . A Soldier.

On behalf of a very grateful nation, I thank all veterans and their families for their sacrifices and their service.

Americans can sleep safely at night. And Americans owe you an eternal debt of gratitude.

THE IMMIGRANT'S JOURNAL

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the publication that has been making a significant contribution to the immigrant community in Brooklyn—The Immigrant's Journal.

The Immigrant's Journal is a widely read and widely distributed newspaper in New York City, dealing with immigration and related issues facing the 2 million immigrants living in New York City. In the pages of the Immigrant's Journal, one will find articles on immigration, family matters, real estate, the criminal justice system and the political system. With the vast array of immigration related legislative proposals before Congress, and the multiple problems facing immigrants in the processing of their visas, it is indisputable that this journal represents an idea whose time has come. Apart from its purely informational mission, the Journal seeks to correct and change the misleading stereotypes which some native-

born Americans may have of the immigrant community. It seeks to document the positive achievements which immigrants have made in the field of entrepreneurial activity, culture, and politics.

Mr. Speaker, I recall that thirty years ago, many parts of Brooklyn were in a state of urban decay and economic stagnation. People were moving out of the area, businesses were closing and many homes were either abandoned or placed in the market. After the massive influx of immigrants in the 1970's, there has been an economic transformation in Central Brooklyn. New businesses have been erected, buildings have been rehabilitated, and thousands of homes been purchased. The pulsating rhythms of reggae and soca have become part of a new musical genre and the Labor Day Carnival in Eastern Parkway has become the largest block party in North America.

Caribbean immigrants have not only contributed to entrepreneurial activity and culture, they have made a significant contribution to the political culture of our city. The first Black Assemblyman in our borough, the Honorable Bertram Baker, was from the Caribbean. So were our first Black female Congressperson, the Honorable Shirley Chisholm, and the dean of political strategists, the Honorable Dr. Wesley McHolder. The first Black Borough President of Manhattan, the Hon. Hulan Jack was from the Caribbean and the Chief Judge of the Federal Court in the southern district, the Hon. Constance Baker Motley.

Mr. Speaker, immigrants have made a glorious contribution to the rich tapestry and multi-cultural quilt that we call the American heritage. It is a story that needs to be told, and this newspaper, the Immigrant's Journal, is one of the publications that seek to recount this American saga in a clear and eloquent language.

#### WORLD FLIGHT 2000: AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY

**HON. LOUISE McINTOSH SLAUGHTER**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Ms. SLAUGHTER. Mr. Speaker, I would like to bring to this chamber's attention a remarkable odyssey that will come to its successful conclusion on December 15: World Flight 2000.

In 1996, high school students Daniel Domínguez and Christopher Wall dreamt of becoming the youngest individuals ever to circumnavigate the globe. Just four years later, that dream is on the verge of reality. Supported by a spectacular team of coordinators, these two young pilots are about to finish a two-month flight around the world in their plane, the Dreamcatcher.

There is a great deal more than just the youth of the pilots, however, that makes this accomplishment extraordinary. The World Flight 2000 team has gone to great lengths to make their trip a learning experience for children all over the world. Their website, [www.worldflight2000.com](http://www.worldflight2000.com), includes daily logs from the crew, dozens of photographs from their trip, and an up-to-the-minute live tracking screen to follow the plane. At every stop, World Flight 2000 meets with as many school-

children as possible to talk about their dream, their trip, and the exotic places they have seen. Students were encouraged to e-mail the pilots with questions throughout the trip, which they answered en route.

Dreamcatcher and her crew took off from Rochester, New York on September 12 and stopped in Maine and Canada before striking out across the Atlantic Ocean. Since then, stops have included Spain, Greece, Egypt, Oman, Thailand, Australia, Vanuatu, and American Samoa. For each place Dreamcatcher visits, the World Flight 2000 website lists a host of information, ranging from customs to environment to government to recipes.

The trip has been filled with challenges. Beyond the expected issues of weather and maintenance, the crew has had to deal with troublesome control towers, flight plan glitches, and illness. Yet they have come through all of these problems with, as they say, flying colors.

I am proud to claim virtually the entire World Flight 2000 team as my constituents. Pilot Dan Domínguez is a senior at the University of Rochester, where he studies economics. Pilot Chris Wall is a 21-year-old junior at Rice University, majoring in electrical engineering. Flight photographer Jesse Weisz graduated from the University of Rochester with an Honors Major in Film. International Director/Coordinator Jenni Powers is a 21-year-old recent graduate of the University of Rochester, where she obtained her International Relations degree. Local publicist John Galbraith has donated hundreds of hours to coordinate press, marketing, and corporate sponsorship. Dozens of local volunteers have been inspired to get involved, helping with everything from public relations to rehabilitation of the aircraft.

Mr. Speaker, these young people are out there achieving something that most adults would never undertake simply because the prospect is so daunting. Yet they have managed to conquer not only the practical, financial, logistical, and other hurdles, but the entire globe as well.

I invite my colleagues to join me in saluting World Flight 2000 for proving to us all that, "Anything is possible if you just dream!" Welcome home, Dreamcatcher!

#### TRIBUTE TO MRS. LENA ROBERTA MURRELL WHITE

**HON. ROBERT E. ANDREWS**

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. ANDREWS. Mr. Speaker, I rise to salute the cherished American tradition of motherhood. That tradition is exemplified in an extraordinary mother by the name of Mrs. Lena Roberta Murrell White. Daughter, Sister, Wife, Mother and Friend. Mrs. Lena White has been and is all of these and more. She was daughter Lena growing up in the farming country of North Carolina. Younger sister in a large brood she was a shining light in that big family. She was wife to James E. Murrell and bore him nine children, raising them all in love and happiness while working harder than any three people. After his passing she was wife to James White and took his children as her own, loving and protecting them. And every-

where she has gone there are a host of friends eager for her return. From the streets, hedges and rows of Greenville, North Carolina through the well kept manicured lawns of Wilmington, Delaware to the hustle and bustle of Camden, New Jersey, her friends are legion. Now in her eightieth year she can reach out to a large family of adoring children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. She continues as an example to us all of living a life in harmony with God. We love her and always shall, and today we honor her in this place through this body for length of days.

#### HONORING REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES CANADY

**HON. JOE SCARBOROUGH**

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. SCARBOROUGH. Mr. Speaker, today I pay tribute to my colleague from the 12th Congressional District of our great State of Florida, Representative CHARLES CANADY.

CHARLES has a long and illustrious record for serving the district that he calls home. Born and raised in Lakeland, he went on to obtain his education from Yale. After graduating in 1979, he returned home to become a practicing attorney in Polk County, where he worked before running for Congress.

From 1984 to 1990, he served in the Florida House of Representatives, where he was honored as the Most Effective First Term Legislator. During that time he worked to reduce the role of government in the lives of Florida's citizens by helping pass major reform legislation. CHARLES also worked to strengthen Florida's laws on criminal justice, serving as Chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee for Criminal Justice and as a member of the Crime Prevention and Law Enforcement Study Commission. He was elected House Majority Whip from 1986 to 1988.

I have had the pleasure to serve with CHARLES on the Judiciary Committee where we have worked to make our judicial system stronger. He knows the law, thinks pragmatically, and is one of the hardest workers I have ever come across.

CHARLES has not only been one of the most productive and effective legislators in this House, he has also been extremely dedicated to each and every one of his constituents back home. His constituent outreach program is proof of his commitment, and I am sure there are many people in Florida's twelfth district that will miss his tireless service, diligence, enthusiasm, and dedication.

To the detriment of this House, CHARLES, a staunch supporter of term limits, promised during his campaign in 1992 to serve no more than four consecutive terms. The twelfth district, the State of Florida, and indeed the entire United States can be proud of CHARLES CANADY. His tenure here in the House is highlighted with many accomplishments and is eternal evidence that CHARLES is the consummate statesman. I thank CHARLES for his service and his friendship, and I wish him and Jennifer many years of happiness in the future.